

By ELINOR GLYN—

(Famous English Writer)

Advent of Loveless Woman—Evolution of a New Feminine Type. Lack of Men May Tend to Produce a Very Different Type of Woman in Near Future—Professional and Commercial Life Provides Many With Outlet for Personal Expression.

WILL the woman of tomorrow be an attractive creature or will she be a great bore? That is the question which one cannot help asking?

The woman of the day often will have attained a certain position, but she of tomorrow cannot be quite a fixed quantity and is bound to savor of neither fish, flesh, fowl—nor good red herring! Woman's day has dawned and it is up to her what she plans to do with it when the sun has completely risen.

The absurd position to take is the one of lament over the past, the one which draws comparisons all ways in favor of grandmothers and aunts. Of course, they had their good points. But if they had been suited to present day conditions they would not have been superseded! There is no going back to the old conditions. Woman has moved farther along the road of liberty and independence during the last decade than during whole centuries of history. But she is still in the transition stage, and progress is not simple and perfect. The machine of evolution throws off waste products, and in doing so may work too roughly and discard particles which could beautify the new material it is fabricating!

That is where the driver of the machine comes in! If he is a good one, he should guide it, and not let it run at too great a pace to make flaws. The good driver is a double-headed giant, called "Balance" and "Common Sense."

The woman of tomorrow will not have quite made up her mind what part of the opposite bank she wishes to reach, although she will have boldly struck out into mid-stream, the other side of the river appearing golden with a sloping shore. Numbers will be drowned while crossing, others will try to go back—others again will clutch at fugitive planks floating by, and some will halt upon barren rocks sticking out of the swirl. And it is all this crowd who will represent the "woman of tomorrow."

NOT ENOUGH MEN.

Before jumping off the solid ground of yesterday, and today, it would be well to look across the stream with a pair of field-glasses, and then make for a particular goal.

The women of tomorrow cannot all have husbands, because there are not enough men to go around; and all the new interests in public

matters, in trades and professions will greatly help to take the place of interest in the male—and aid in forming the working bees of the community.

The war robbed hundreds of thousands of women of husbands, but, in some measure, compensation for this great loss has been found in the new social and economic independence of the modern spinster.

Many women have been able to divert their instincts into other channels. They have found in professional and commercial life an outlet for personal expression.

Whether this is a temporary or permanent adjustment by nature to inexorable circumstance is too soon to judge, but the fact remains that a neuter sex is looming in the distance. It seems the only logical conclusion to arrive at, after examining the trend of present tendencies!

With the woman of today and tomorrow turned from love of man and motherhood to interest in abstract matters, there is really nothing far-fetched in the idea of a neuter sex evolving out of the mass!

ALWAYS BE MOTHERS.

As long as the world goes on there will be enough lover-women and mother-women, so the by-products, turned into a neuter sex, will be the very thing which should be welcomed to adjust values and bring peace to earth!

An elderly philosopher said to me the other day that he had decided that the reason of the remarkable alteration in woman all over the civilized world is because of the removal of her three primeval fears! She no longer has to face enforced and inevitable motherhood—science takes care of that; nor has she to fear being beaten—custom protects her from this, nor being thrown out of a caravan and left to starve—the law defends her from that.

Freed from her three haunting subconscious terrors, she has been able to expand and find herself. And when, and if, the women of great brain have become loveless in a physical as well as mental sense, they will be a wonderful and efficient company to aid in this philosopher's theory.

And isn't it amusing to speculate what they will look like? Will they have beards and flat chests—will they grow tall and reedy or stunted and square? Or will they

be just boyishly beautiful? And think of the contentment the others will have when they are sifted from the elect, and left alone in peace to continue their natural avocations of rejoicing man's heart—and reproducing his likeness! It seems the panacea for all the unrest of today—this thought of a neuter sex evolving!

But the woman of tomorrow will be at the stage when she is not perfectly sure in what direction she desires to go. Everything will be experimental. Some nerves of her will ache for the old joys—moments will come when she will long for protection again—will long even for her fears, if only she could know once more those ineffable delights of love and tenderness, passion and all the sweet surrender which is love. But she will straighten herself up and crush the weakness, no doubt, and forge ahead.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CHARM.

The woman of tomorrow will be in the melting-pot, where she will be re-formed for the best use which evolution can make of her to produce perfection for the day after. Meanwhile, what wonderful thinking, clever creatures seem to be springing up on all sides, profiting by the improved education, and the freedom of action and thought war conditions brought!

If charm is less, good fellowship is more. In England it seems that the interest in things—ideals, politics, trades, works of all kinds—is real in the women, and has truly not the aim of obtaining either the admiration or subjugation of the male. In America the modern woman, while far more emancipated, has not turned from man to abstract interests, but has allowed abstract interests merely to give her a new weapon with which to dominate the creature—a new thong to the whip which she wields in undisputed dominion over him.

English women, of course, can never reach this blessed state, because of the inequality in numbers (perhaps the men may feel thankful for this), although the American men seem very contented in their slavery, and go on grinding for dollars for their females, year after year, without a murmur. America is the woman's kingdom, England the man's. France shares the crown. And I wonder which is the happiest?

By LOVAT FRASER---

(The Well-known British Critic)

Dean Inge's Sermon Against the Modern Decadence Not Justified. Change for Better Going On Since World War—Diminution of Crime So Rapid That Several Prisons Have Been Closed Already—Life and Property Safer Than Ever, He Claims.

LONDON, July 22.

ARE we really living in a decadent and degenerate era? Dean Inge is evidently deeply convinced that we are dreadful backsliders. He preached a sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral recently, in which, we are told, he "severely condemned the moral tone of the age."

He could not doubt, he said, that "we are threatened with a great outbreak of licentiousness."

In his view we are drifting back to the looseness which marked the reign of Charles the Second. We are going to be more wicked than people were in the days of the Prince Regent, after the close of the Napoleonic wars.

In short, we are about to take a header into a moral abyss which will make the present generation a scandal to future historians.

WONDERS AT PERCEPTION.

I suppose I am very innocent, but I wonder how these deans and people discern the approach of "a great outbreak of licentiousness?"

Do they divine what is coming from our wearing apparel. My observation is that the clothes of the average modest male are very much what they always have been in our day, while the great dress-makers of Paris have just decreed that feminine skirts are to be greatly lengthened.

Even "bobbed" hair is no longer fashionable. Do they gain insight from the records of the divorce court? I understand that the rush of applications which was the sequel of hasty war-time marriages is already declining.

Are signs pointing to the imminence of this "great outbreak" to be found in our new books or in our theaters?

Macaulay said that after the restoration "the profligacy of the English plays, satires, songs and novels was a deep blot on our national fame." But are our the-

ters or our books licentious today. If the public taste in theatrical performances tends to turn toward the frivolous, that is nothing new.

Musical comedies drew crowds when the great war was undreamed of. I know perhaps more about booksellers' shops than about theaters, nowadays, but anything more decorous than the wares of our booksellers it is impossible to conceive.

A few unstable men and women sometimes write novels of a kind which to me are distasteful, but they never touch the multitude and soon sink into oblivion. The "best sellers" are certainly not writers whose moral attitude is in any sense questionable.

Where, then, are the omens and portents of the coming "outbreak" of "licentiousness." Dean Inge associates formed "outbreaks" of the kind with the names of kings and princes, and in this respect I venture to suggest that—quite unconsciously, of course—his denunciation is lacking in good taste and in loyalty.

In the two periods to which he alluded, the restoration and the renaissance, the example in laxity of morals was to some extent set by the court.

But have we ever in our long history had so exemplary and so entirely admirable a court as we possess today?

ALL CRIME DIMINISHED.

"The thing you think of never happens," said an old Indian coachman to me at the moment when I thought he was going to drive over an embankment into the sea.

It will be time enough to declaim against the anticipated "outbreak" when it comes. It is not here yet, and I do not believe it is coming.

We were told in the last year of the war that when our men came back we should see a terrible "outbreak" of crimes and of violence.

The theory seemed to be that our gallant troops—in reality the most humane and the most good-natured soldiery in Europe—would have become so used to killing that they would go about the country slaughtering people from mere force of habit.

Never was there a more insulting or more unfounded assumption. Sir Basil Thomson has shown that since the war crime has declined. There have been a few sensational murder cases, but these always occur, and I fancy there are far fewer murders than there were fifty and a hundred years ago.

All crimes of violence have diminished. Even burglaries are not so numerous. Life and property are safer than ever, and we have actually been able to close several of our prisons.

Only in Ireland has there been a "great outbreak" of violent crime, and most of the culprits are youths who never went to the war.

LITTLE CHANGE SEEN.

I sometimes wonder whether, even in the days of King Charles and the Regent, the licentiousness of which we hear so much ever really touched the great masses of the population.

We see the discolored froth upon the surface of our national life, but the quiet depths are clearer and cleaner than some of our alarmist preachers suggest, and I fancy they have been so always. British morality is neither hypocritical nor skin deep.

The sad stories often seen in the newspapers are exceptions and not typical. I have taken the trouble to examine the statistics of illegitimate births in England and Wales, and although there was a marked rise in the year after the armistice, it may be said roughly that, allowing for the increase in population, there is not so much illegitimacy as there was twenty years ago.

MADDENED BY MYSTERY

A Complete Detective Story

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE great detective sat in his office. He wore a long green dressing gown and half a dozen secret badges were pinned to the outside of it.

Three or four pairs of false whiskers hung on a whisker stand beside him. He could completely disguise himself at a second's notice. Half a bucket of cocaine and a dipper stood on a chair at his elbow. His face was absolutely impenetrable.

A pile of cryptograms lay on the desk. The great detective hastily tore them open one after another, solved them, and threw them down the cryptogram chute at his side.

There was a knock at the door. The great detective hastily wrapped himself in a pink domino, adjusted a pair of false black whiskers, and cried:

"Come in."

His secretary entered.

"Ha!" said the detective, "it is you!"

He laid aside his disguise.

A SUPER-BAFFLER.

"Sir," said the young man, in intense excitement, "a mystery has been committed!"

"Ha!" said the great detective, his eye kindling. "Is it such as to baffle completely the police of the entire continent?"

"They are so completely baffled with it," said the secretary, "that they are lying collapsed in heaps; many of them have committed suicide."

"Good," said the great detective. "Now wrap yourself in this disguise, put on those brown whiskers, and tell me what it is."

The secretary wrapped himself in a blue domino with lace insertion, then, bending over, he whispered in the ear of the great detective:

"The Prince of Wurttemberg has been kidnapped."

The great detective bounded from his chair as if he had been kicked from below.

A prince stolen! Evidently a Bourbon! A descendant of one of the oldest families in Europe kidnapped. Here was a mystery indeed worthy of his best efforts.

His mind began to move like lightning.

"Stop!" he said. "How do you know this?"

The secretary handed him a telegram. It was from the prefect of police of Paris. It read:

"The Prince of Wurttemberg stolen. Probably forwarded to London. Must have him here for the opening day of exhibition \$5,000 reward."

So! The prince had been kidnapped out of Paris at the very time when his appearance at the international exhibition would have been a political event of the first magnitude.

With the great detective to think was to act, and to act was to think. Frequently he could do both together.

"Wire to Paris for a description of the Prince."

The secretary bowed and left.

WHOLE WORKS STIRRED.

At the same moment there was a slight scratching at the door. A visitor entered. He crawled stealthily on his hands and knees. A hearthrug, thrown over his head and shoulders, disguised his identity.

He crawled to the middle of the room. Then he rose.

Great heavens! It was the Prime Minister of England.

"You!" said the great detective.

"Me," said the Prime Minister.

"You have come in regard to the kidnapping of the Prince of Wurttemberg?"

"Yes," said the Prime Minister.

"I will use no concealment. I am interested, deeply interested. Find the Prince of Wurttemberg, get him safely back to Paris, and I will add \$2,500 to the reward already offered. But listen," he added, impressively, as he left the room, "see to it that no attempt is made to alter the marking of the prince, or to clip his tail."

So! To clip the prince's tail! The brain of the great detective reeled. So! A gang of microscopists had conspired to—but, no; the thing was not possible.

There was another rap at the door.

Then entered the Countess of Dashedleg. She was all in furs.

She was the most beautiful woman in England. She strode imperiously into the room. She seized a chair imperiously and seated herself upon it, imperial side upward.

She took off her tiara of diamonds and put it on the tassel-holder beside her and uncrolled her string of pearls and put it on the pearl stand.

"You have come," said the great detective, "about the Prince of Wurttemberg?"

"Wretched little pup!" said the Countess of Dashedleg, in disgust.

So! A further complication! The Countess denounced the young Bourbon as a pup.

"You are interested in him, I believe?"

"Interested!" said the Countess. "I should rather say so; why, I bred him!"

"You which?" gasped the great detective, his usually impassive features suffused with a carmine blush.

"I bred him," said the Countess, "and I've got \$50,000 on his chances, so no wonder I want him back in Paris. Only, listen," she said. "If they've got hold of the prince and cut his tail, or spoil the markings on his stomach, it would be better far to have him quietly put out of the way here."

The great detective reeled and leant up against the side of the room. The cold-blooded admission of the beautiful woman for the moment took away his breath.

The Countess resumed her tiara. She left.

The secretary re-entered.

"I have three telegrams from Paris," he said. "They are completely baffling."

He handed over the first telegram.

It read:

"The Prince of Wurttemberg has a long, wet snout, broad ears, very long body and short hind legs."

The great detective looked puzzled.

He read the second telegram:

The Prince of Wurttemberg can be recognized by the patch of white hair across the center of his back.

The two men looked at one another. The mystery was maddening, impenetrable.

The great detective spoke.

"Give me my domino," he said.

"These clues must be followed up."

Then, pausing, while his quick brain analyzed and summed up the evidence before him—

"A young man," he muttered, "evidently young, since described as a 'pup,' with a long wet snout (that addicted, obviously to drinking), a streak of white hair across his back (a first sign of his abandoned life)—yes, yes," he continued. "With this clue I shall find him easily."

He wrapped himself in a long black cloth with white spectacles attached.

For four days he visited every corner in London.

He entered every public-house in the metropolis. Nobody paid any attention to him so long as he had the price of a drink.

The search proved fruitless.

Secretly, after midnight, the great detective made his way into the home of the prime minister.

He examined it from top to bottom. He found nothing.

Still undismayed, the great detective made his way into the home of the Countess of Dashedleg. Disguised as a housemaid, he entered the service of the Countess.

Then at last the clue came which gave him a solution of the mystery.

On the wall of the Countess' boudoir was a large framed engraving. It was a portrait. Under it was a printed legend—

"The Prince of Wurttemberg."

ONLY A FLOOR DUSTER.

The portrait was that of a dachshund. The long body, the broad ears, the unclipped tail, the short hind legs, all were there. In the fraction of a second the great detective had penetrated the whole mystery.

The prince was a dog!

Hastily throwing a domino over his housemaid's dress, he rushed to the street, summoned a passing taxi, and in a few moments was at his own house.

"I have it!" he gasped to his secretary. "The mystery is solved. I have pieced it all together. By sheer analysis I have reasoned it out. Listen—hind legs, hair on back, wet snout, pup—eh, what? Does that suggest nothing to you?"

"Nothing," said the secretary. "It seems perfectly hopeless."

The great detective, now recovered from his excitement, smiled faintly.

"It simply means this, my dear fellow. The Prince of Wurttemberg is a dog, a prize dachshund. The Countess of Dashedleg bred him, and he is worth some \$100,000, in addition to the prize of \$50,000 offered at the Paris dog show. Can you wonder that—"

At that moment the detective was interrupted by the scream of a woman.

"Great heaven!" The Countess of Dashedleg dashed into the room. Her tiara was in disorder. Her pearls were dripping all over the place.

"They have cut his tail," she gasped, "and have taken out the hair of his back. What can I do? I am undone!"

"Madame," said the great detective, calm as bronze, "do yourself up. All is not lost."

PLAYS LOW-DOWN ROLE.

He straightened himself to his full height. A look of unflinching inflexibility flickered over his features.

"Rise, dear lady," he continued, "Fear nothing. I will impersonate the dog!"

That night the great detective

By CHARLES W. ELIOT---

(President Emeritus of Harvard University)

"Is Not Public Opinion Now Ripe for the Substitution by Legislation of the Umpire for the Strike?" He Asks—Strike Has Always Been and Is Now a War Method, Especially in Trades That Have to Do With the Necessities of Life.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., July 15.

FOR a hundred years after the introduction of the factory system in England, and the crowding into cities of young people born and brought up in the country, the strike was the only effective means of resisting oppression of labor by capital.

For three generations labor has fought its way to better pay and better conditions of family life by means of the strike. The strike has always been and is now a war method, especially in trades or industries which have to do with necessities of life, like foods, fuels, clothing, shelters against sun, rain, snow, or ice, and transportation of the common need of all trades and all human aggregations.

Two doctrines widely accepted among thinking people during the first half of the Nineteenth century promoted and prolonged this condition of industrial warfare.

The first was the doctrine of Malthus that population in any civilized country increases much faster than the means of subsistence, and the second was the doctrine called Laissez-faire, of which the main precept was, society should not interfere with the natural right of the individual to do as he pleases in respect to his property or mode of life, paying no regard to the interest or welfare of other people; or, in other words, society should exert only the minimum amount of interference with the freedom of the individual.

DOCTRINE OF MALTHUS.

Both these doctrines have now been refuted and abandoned. With the progress of science and the great development of commercial intercourse between different parts of the world, it has been proved that the time is very far off when the population of the world or any part thereof will even approach the full measure of the earth's resources to support animal life, including that of the human race.

There are some countries which depend upon the freedom of their seas for easy support of their population, but in no country has population outgrown the available means of subsistence.

The abhorrent recommendations of Malthus for preventing increase of population are being resurrected today under the title of birth control, but the new theory is no more likely than the old to be accepted in practice, being equally misconceived and misdirected. Again, because of the advance of medical science and of racial ethics the American communities no longer hold the Laissez-faire theory.

They have become used to many interferences with individual liberty by the collective force of State or Nation, exerted on behalf of the public health or general welfare.

While the United States was at war means were found for settling some very threatening labor difficulties by arbitration, and the present Railroad Labor Board affords another example, though not a very successful one, of arbitration as a method of settlement instead of the strike.

It must be confessed, however, that no satisfactory arbitrator has as yet been found for industrial disputes. The action of the Interstate Commerce Commission on railroad rates and railroad properties has been both uneven and slow—two grave defects in an arbitrator. The composition of the Railroad Labor Board follows the method of some previous boards created either for discussion or arbitration. Its members are divided into three groups—one representing labor, one capital and a third the public.

An arbitration board for industrial disputes should represent the public only, but before that board both sides to the dispute should have opportunity to present each its case strongly but briefly, and the board should be required to make its decision within twenty-four hours after the closing of the hearing.

Time to Act Now.

As respects trades which supply the community with comforts and luxuries only, the interest of the public in putting an end to strikes is not urgent. If leaving the strike weapon to such trades would promote the prohibition of strikes in trades which deal with the necessities of life, by all means let the unions in these trades retain their valued privilege of taking a vacation, either locally or all across the continent. In such trades strikes are ordinarily conducted without much disturbance of public order, or large infliction of suffering on the public.

Is not public opinion now ripe for the substitution by legislation of the umpire for the strike?

People reserve their decisions for war until a climatic, magic condition forces a decision. They are religious according to their lights, but when a real or imaginary insult is perpetrated on their nation, could you or a thousand prophets in Galilee bid them heed, or stay the hand of righteous wrath?

Perhaps if we could offer the substitute of the great resources of peace, a filling of the coffers, a steady stream of revenue, perhaps if we could for a sufficient length of time demonstrate the value of peace in contrast to the destruction of war, perhaps your wives and mothers could not preach peace and constantly enough.

After all, THEIR VOICE and the Voice of the Home, the average influence of the average man is the only hope of the world. His decisions are HER decisions.

But you would have to prepare carefully, you wives and mothers; you would have to work slowly and with wisdom, for when the big decisions come, the insults to the national honor, you mothers must continue to preach pacifism as earnestly as in times of peace.

Hood is red and hot in youth, and there has never been a recommendation for a declaration of war sent by any President to ANY Congress which has not been ratified.

Honor is the core of the national existence. It has been and always will be so in the vital nations of the world.

Will religion do it? An eternal faith in the Giver of Life? It hasn't yet—has it?

Have we had not prophets of the word, from time far gone? No, I don't think religion will do it.

Unfortunately, as the great detective had neglected to pay the dog tax, he was caught and destroyed by the dog-catchers. But that is, of course, quite outside the present narrative, and it is only mentioned as an odd fact in conclusion.

THE world is the same everywhere. Human nature is the same. It is this same human nature which balks the passage of peace. So long as we love glory, so long as we worship bravery, so long as we thrill at the call of battle, so long will we have war.

In the great span of life we make just so much progress in each generation. We creep forward a little, shake our seeming-